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RIZPAH

By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

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The way of Fawcett's death was one of those problems which a hurrying civilization has no time to solve. The dark night, the steps slippery with ice, Fawcett's impetuosity, made a setting obvious enough for the verdict of accidental death. Life concerned itself with the latest murder; earth received Fawsett, and men forgot

But his death had built a stronger barrier between his wife and Mark than the one his life had raised. Rizpah could not forget that Fawsett had forbidden her friendship with Mark. She feared disloyalty when, in these first days of widowhood, her heart turned instinctively to her old friend. She longed for his presence, and the longing kept her from seeking it. He knew of Fawcett's death, and he would

But Mark was busy in his studio, putting a screen of work between himself and the thought of Rizpah. The oak chest, with its carving of Rizpah keeping the vultures from her dead, was hidden in the window seat. He would have nothing to remind him of the love Fawcett's deceit had stolen from him. She was free now; yet he worked early and late striving to forget her. But he could forget her as little as the picture that haunted him. It was always before him-his sudden wrestle with Fawcett, the slippery steps, the changing face under the street lamp, the silence.

That silence had surged around him then like a triumphant strain; now it struck into his own life and made it dumb. The night had waved banners over the dead man; now it threw a pall across Mark's days. Under the pall was Faw-

He could not go to comfort Rizpah; the thing was too ironical. He heard how hardly the three months' wife took the blow, how she fretted and drooped; but if he had known she was grieving for his absence, and not for Fawcett, he would still have remained away.

He was very busy. His great picture was almost finished, and it was another irony that its subject lashed his memory into the remembrance he was striving to forget. "I Am the Resurrection and the Life," the title was written at the foot of the canvas. Above it the white splendor of the angel shone out, a marvelous presentment of life, It was a great picture, and Mark knew it. It needed only the finishing touches before he could send it out to make his name and

He was still working at it, dissatisfied that he had not reached the ideal with which he had started, and while he worked to express the triumph of life over death Fawcett held his hand, and the dead triumphed over the living.

To escape from the face that was always with him Mark only worked more feverishly. He painted out the motto, but still "I Am the Resurrection" gave point to the sneer on Fawcett's face. Sometimes the and he would throw down palette and brush and laugh uncontrollably. When the fury of madness to get away from the madness he feared. But work as he might, he could not forget the man he had hustled out of his way and out of the world.

Meanwhile the picture came no nearer completion. The later work was only blotting out meaning from the conception. The longer he worked the further from him was the ideal; the nearer to him came

the mocking face he could not escape. the picture again. He walked about the of you now?" room, and, head on one side, looked at it

from every point of view. "Your first idea was the best-undoubt-

edly better than this. In my opinion, you've ruined the thing."

"What is wrong with it?" said Mark roughly, biting his mustache. Stacey mingled with the love in her eyes. pursed up his lips. "There's no poetry, no suggestiveness in it as it now stands. And why in the world did you take poor Fawcett as your model? Such as face as his

Mark interrupted him by a sudden step forward.

strikes a false note."

"There's no suggestion of Fawcett anywhere," he cried, sharply.

"My dear fellow, the likeness is only too striking. Of course it is Fawcett! Fawcett, poor devil, as the Angel of Life! Pooh! it's too ridiculous." The two men looked at each other, and

Stacey's easy smile died away as he saw Mark's face. "Hullo, old chap, you are ill, or some

thing!" Mark shook his head and pulled himself together. The blood lit its fire among the ashes on his face. His eyes, like two flames, swept the canvas, searching for the likeness Stacey had seen. As the hated features sprang to his gaze he gave a short laugh, snatched up a knife, and slashed is across the Angel's face, blotting out life and death at a strike.

"Are you mad?" Stacey shouted, seizing his-arm.

But he was too late. Laughing again, Mark flung the knife from him. It sped across the room and pierced the figure of Rizpah on the carved chest.

"You have done it now!" Stacey said, angrily. "You have ruined yourself. That picture meant fame. You'll not paint an-

other so good." Mark did not answer. He was going round the studio, peering with his shortsighted eyes at every canvas. He came back to the easel with a face to which the life had returned. Some horrible fear had been removed by his inspection of the pictures. His laugh was awkward as he

n et the other man's eyes. "Pooh! the thing was no good," he cried. "I always felt that it was sentimental and clap-trap, I'm glad I had the courage

to put an end to it." Stacey, looking at him country for a rest. You're a bit run down, you know."

Mark rubbed his hands nervously. "Never was better in my life," he

laughed. Stacey grunted.

"Your best friends wouldn't know you for the man you were a year ago. And would any sane man have destroyed his work? You are working too hard. Take my advice and give yourself a rest.'

After Stacey had left him Mark sat staring at the ruined picture. A horror crept brooding. It explained his silence, and lifted away the burden of conjecture. His ab-

sence was not caused by estrangement. danger pressed on her with a weight of forgetfulness of Fawcett, and he told him- got up from his chair and roamed about the The picture of Death would be the Angel of misery. Mark alone, battling with illness, self that a woman who could so easily for- studio. The floor was strewed with can- Life.

over him. Would he never get away fro

Fawsett again?

was running about town that he had dee had ever done.

his unaccountable fury added impetus to heard that Mark was losing his reason. and she loved him still. She had a right to go to him when he needed care and love. Why should conventionality divide them when destiny had removed the barrier between them? Fawcett had been dead a year, and she had played out the farce of mourning. She had not loved him. She would never have married him but for that story he had told her of Mark's desertion. And now Mark needed her, and she would not allow her husband to separate them

She trembled as she climbed the steps of the studio. The thought of the old days, when she had run up swiftly to meet her lover, shook her limbs. The hours she had sat to him for the design he had carved on the chest lay on her like leaden weights, holding her back. But their weight swung her forward, too. If Rizpah could guard her could guard the living. No one answered | bird of passage." her knocking at the studio door, and after a few minutes she turned the handle and

ment of welcome, and the change in him, his haggard face and strange maner, were knives in her heart. Weakness and irresolution crouched in the figure she rememstrength. She pressed her hands together, he was losing his reason!

"Oh, Mark-my dear love!"

You have come?" he cried wonderingly.

"I want you, Mark!" She would have taken his hand, but he drew away from her. "Don't touch me! " he said, sternly.

"You ought not to have come. You don't know what has happened." She smiled, calling all her courage to her

must not send me away, Mark."

"I have come because I love you."

"You don't know what you are saying!" he said, harshly. "I am not the Mark you

loved. I am a ---" "I know-I know," she interrupted. Sh could not bear to hear him to put this grim humor of the thing would seize Mark. horrible fear of madness into words; and pressed it against her breast with a tenmood was over he would paint with a der caressing motion. She looked up at world to know it." him, her eyes deep with love. "Mark, I know everything," she said earnestly. "Don't let us talk about it. I love you, and that is enough. We must let the past go." He stared vaguely at her.

"You know about it? And you still love

derly and solemnly. "And I love you, Won't you believe me? Nothing can change Stacey, the R. A., frowned when he saw my love. Mark, you will let me take care bravely.

He drew away from her, and sat down and covered his face; and Rizpah stood looking pitifully at the wreck of the man she loved. After a time she put her hand softly on als head, and he lifted his worn and haggard face. His glance caught and

"How can you love me still?" he said, hoarsely. "A good woman-and I ---" "I am not good," she cried, with quick insistence, and then shame stained her

face, and she bent her head, humbled.

I am wicked." Her voice drooped till it dragged on the ground. "Oh, my dear, when he died-when he died-I was glad." She hid her humiliation on his neck, and made weakness and irresolution drop from him like dead things. He drew himself up, and his look probed through her shame to the love in her abandonment. He remembered the passion and the promise of their past. It was for her sake that he had dealt Fawsett that blow. She knew what he had done, and she loved him still. She was glad that Fawcett was dead. That justified his crime; he could bear pain and remorse that brought happiness for her. And why should they not be happy? Why should Fawcett still spoil their lives?

All the old days of love thronged round him, pleading for their consummation. With Rizpah's heart beating against his he could not deny them. His arm locked round her, and he bent his face to her face.

"This atones for everything!" he whispered passionately. "You shall be my Angel of Life-my Angel of Love, that was dead | cett. and is alive again."

as he looked into them his face changed and his arms fell from her. "I am the resurrection!" Fawcett's voice drummed in his ears.

III. cett. In the Alps health came back, and his thoughts. Sky and snow and mountain

as the weeks passed he became again the crash of discords in her life. In Mark's those months alone, working all day and Mark that the girl Rizpah had known. His appearance Rizpah saw enough to alarm far into the night. "You've put an end to more than the eyes flashed with the old brightness, his her; but she knew nothing of the horror smile was ready to meet hers, his feet kept pace with her springing tread. They lived hours there; he painted as if the Furies suspected the fears that held her. But th as though the shadow of Fawcett had never been thrown across their lives. Rizpah was radiant in the love that had found its earthly close, and had cast out the demon that had possessed Mark. Life burgeoned with gladness.

blossomed through dull days weighted with cold, Mark wondered at her. Nothing desperately as he might avoid it, sooner or clouded her gaiety; her laugh echoed through the gloomiest day. It bore her like a flashing tide over the rocks that strewed their lives, it covered the waste The news aroused her from her sorrowful places of the past. Fawcett might never | Mark would hurl the canvas from him and | had sat on the stairs in an agony of dread. have existed so far as she was concerned. At last all this gladness overleaped itself. and crashing down, shattered Mark's peace. its pivot, seemed to stand still. He could After the first relief the thought of his He measured Rizpah's love for him by her look at the thing and see its outline. He

get must be heartless. The gloom that

try fog obscuring his vision. He could not see his old love, and he tried to find her

on by the lash of his restlessness. Florence, Venice, Munich offered no delight that

She hid her trouble that Mark might be pleased; but her cheerfulness was like the barking of the dogs that hounded him on. If she had been subdued and saddened she would have suited his mood, and might have comforted him by sharing the burden he carried. He said to himself bitterly it During the next days a good many art- was nothing to her that his days were ists dropped in to see Mark. A queer story, darkened; she found her happiness still. He had thought her deep-natured; but now liberately destroyed the best piece of work | he told himself only a shallow nature could bury memory under the flowers of life. And all the time the woman was hiding He met his friends' inquiries in a way that only confirmed their suspicions, and her tragedy under the guise of comedy. He could not forget Fawcett in wonder the report. At last it made its way be- that Fawcett's wife had so soon forgotten. yond Kensington art circles, and Rizpah Her presence was a reminder from which he could not escape. Soon he began to

dread the sight of her. Rizpah's heart sank as she noticed his furtive, abashed looks. He could not meet her glance, and his avoidance gave a shifty uncertainty to his eyes, which her fears read all too clearly. She put her terror aside, that she might lure him from the threatening danger; but her arts and beguilements only aggravated his restless-

They spent the winter in flight from city to city, Mark pursued by memory and growing distrust of Rizpah, she flying from

the terrors that every day gained upon her. Since their marriage he had not touched a brush, and Rizpah had been glad to take him away from his work. But now she saw that idleness was not good for him. The ceaseless moving kept life in a ferment; there was no rest for mind or body. "Let us go home," she coaxed. "I long dead from the vultures the modern Rizpah | to see London again. I am tired of being a

She leaned her arm on his knee, and her eyes pleaded with her voice. But Mark would not see the tender face lifted to his. As she crossed the room Mark lifted his Her words angered him. Here was he, crime, and the woman he had taken to be with him tempted him back into its shadow. She had no heart. She pined for the life whose threshold was stained by her bered with its splendid certainty of husband's blood. He remembered that she had been glad to know that Fawcett was and her face whitened. It was true, then, | dead. Her touch tainted him with her infamy. He shook off her arm, and jerked himself up from his chair. The studio at At her cry he sprang up and recognition home offered a refuge from Rizpah's disleaped to his eyes. "Rizpah! Is it you? turbing presence. The ghosts that met was finished he would take her back into him there would be less horrible than the "Yes," she answered, with a little sob; smiles of the woman who loved her hus-

> "Yes, let us go home," he said eagerly. "I have idled too long. It is time I began

Her eyes sparkled at the quick accents, the gesture of decision. He only needed his work to rouse him, she told herself. He had missed its interest and grown mor-"Yes, I know what has happened. You | bid. Men were not like women; love did not satisfy them. Hope soared in her again. She clapped her hands with a gay little laugh.

"We will go home to-morrow, Mark. I can't imagine how I could be happy so long away from England. And you will begin your work at once. Ah! you must paint your great picture again. I shall not be satisfied till my husband is famous. I have married a genius, and I want the

He laughed, and there was a bitter note

in his laughter. "So you married me for ambition? This explains it then; why you risked the danger-practically put your head in the same noose as mine."

He stopped incoherently. The light faded "I know everything," she repeated, ten- from Rizpah's face. At his strange words fear set its fangs in her heart; but the love remained in her eyes, and she smiled

"My dear, I am a very ambitious woman, I want to be remembered as the wife of a great painter."

Mark turned his face from her, and looked through the window at the flaming crimson bars of the sunset. He could not meet Rizpah's smile.

When the studio door set a barrier between himself and Rizpah. Mark became more tolerant of her. From the outset he had forbidden her to come into the room; her presence would interfere with "Mark, let me confess. I am not good. his work. With wistful eyes she watched the door close upon him. She could not bear to be an outsider, having no share with hope. His strange mood, the bafshe did not see the flash in his eyes that | fling glance, the sudden passions, would afford to miss his working hours if those he spent with her were free from dread. But every day he gave her less and less of his time. He stayed in the studio far into the night, and she saw him only at their silent meals. She had found out that quiet moods suited Mark best, and with infinite relief she had thrown aside the mask of merriment it had been so hard to

It would have been doubly hard to wear it now. Rizpah saddened, and her face aged as time went on and she saw that Mark's love was dead, and that her love, that was stronger than death, was powerless to raise it again. She bore the knowledge meekly, with a noble patience. It was her punishment for the joy with which she had welcomed her release from Faw-

She lifted her eyes to answer his, but I thin, his eyes hollow, his manner still more restless. The long hours in the studio told upon him-the solitude as well as the work. From her place in the background Rizpah watched the signs of overstrain, noting each one only to relieve it by some unob-They went to a new world, where only gentleness lured Mark into a somber recog-Rizpah's presence reminded Mark of Faw- | nition of her presence in the house, and he would spend an hour in the drawing room power, to escape from the oppression of listening to her music. At such times no one could have guessed that the man loitpeak built up a screen between himself ering over his pipe was flying from a pursuing remorse; that the woman filling the Love diverted his morbid thoughts, and room with melody was listening to the studio four months before. He had passed behind the studio door. He had no idle were with him. His work had never been strain wore her, until her face matched so swift or so sure. Every stroke told, The inspiration of madness was on him. All that he touched was stamped with genius; it was in each line he traced. But When the winter came and her happiness | see nothing but the grotesque horror that | He was like a man sighting triumph. Sh perched there. Careful as he might belater the hateful thing grew under his brush. Then suddenly it would dart out at him and hold his gaze; and, with the shrick of a beast in the jaws of a strong enemy fall to the ground writhing and impotent.

vases-a desert covered by the bones of

had lifted swept around him again, a win- the dead. In the window they were piled not heard a sound for hours. She leaned like a cairn on the oak chest. He picked against the door, her ear to the panel, but They went from place to place, whipped his brain that when it met him from the outside he could not recognize it.

could hold him, and Rizpah, following exist, he reassured himself. "It is the madbreathless, saw the evil spirit again in ness of overwork. I see shapes that are the day before their return to England. It only imaginary. This work is good, excellent! I might ask Stacey to look in. He of love. But she had no regret for what would be able to tell me. But, no! He had that confounded notion, too. He said it ruined the other."

One after the other he had lifted the canvases, and now the chest stood bare. The carving on it, after the vivid realism of the paintings, was like a calm after the frenzy. It caught his eye and led him back into days before Fawcett had crossed his life-those rare days when Rizpah had sat to him as a model. The memory of the girl in whose face he had seen the anguish of the first Rizpah came again to him. It was that noble sadness that had suggested the scheme he had carved on the chest. Her strong patience had impressed him. He dwelt on the memory until he forgot the woman whose obtrusive cheerfulness had estranged him.

"She was an excellent critic in those days; I could always trust her judgment,' he said. "I might ask her to come in. She would know if it was all imagination." The idea seized him. "Yes, she would know. I shall be able to tell by her face when she sees them. It will be a certain test." In a fever of haste he began arranging the canvases around the room, till the four walls were covered, and easel and curtain and frame stood laden.

He stepped into the middle of the room and turned slowly around. As he looked the flush of excitement passed and left his face stricken. He was in a circle, hemmed in by the multiplied horror of his imagination. The thing was around him-everywhere, everywhere! He could not escape from it. It leaped out from innumerable eyes on the walls, it sneered at him from the easels, it mocked at him from the frames, it lurked in the folds of the curtains. There was no escape from it. His glance was a moth shrivelling in fire, dashnot consume it.

Mark's request that she should come to the studio at 3 o'clock struck a gleam of surprise across the darkness on Rizpah's face. It was almost the first word he had spoken to her for days. This invitation to the studio meant that he had only excluded her while he worked. Now that his picture his life. The blood swung in her veins. The winter was over and gone. The time of the singing of the birds had come.

Mark was too absorbed to notice her face He was not even conscious that she left him after lunch while she put on a holiday

"It is a feast day," she said to herself, smiling. "I must take off my sackcloth. It is the day of the Angel of Life."

Wistfully joyous, as on her marriage morning, she searched for a frock that She looked at him, and did not falter as heart. Work would give back the Mark of | would suit the springtime. But all her the honeymoon. She would find her lover gowns were sombre. She had not cared to trick herself out under the shadow resting on their lives. There was nothing to match her mood but the gown she had worn when she married Mark. Blushing and breathless she hurried into it and went from her room. The shine of the satin made a soft steps. Mark would be waiting for her in-

The door stood partly open, she pushed it wide and entered, but she saw no one. With a gentle happiness she looked around her, seeking for the picture of the Angel of Life. Then the blood surged to her face. Her breath made a strange singing noise in her throat. She put out her hands as if to push something from her. Ah, no! No! It was too horrible! Fawcett's eyes met her from every part of the room. The place was full of Fawcett-and Fawcett-and Fawcett. She could not get away from the mocking eyes of the dead man. He mocked her dress, her bridal with Mark, Mark's absence. It was useless to hide her face in the folds of her gown; the pictures pressed upon her, shutting her in alone with them, suffocating her. She gasped for breath and tottered forward, but the long train clinging to her feet hindered her. To her excited fancy it seemed like a symbol of her marriage with Mark. Then came the stab of a keen-edged thought. She had forced herself on Mark; she had confessed the gladness with which she had regained her freedom, and this was the way he had chosen to bring her sin home to her. She wrung her hands. Yes, she had been heartless; but if she told Mark how Fawcett had deceived her, would

he not forgive her' She lifted her eyes, and they shrank back from the face she saw. No, she could not arraign the dead. Fawcett had been her husband; she must protect his name; but she could not bear this dreadful place Trembling, she sprang to the door. Before she reached it she stumbled. Mark's arms caught her as she fell. His face was as white as hers.

"Where are you going? What have you seen?" His voice was strange and hoarse. She clung to him. "It is Fawcett!" she sebbed. "You should not have done it Oh, Mark! Oh, Mark!" His fingers crushed her arm. "Fawcett?

Where?" "Here on the walls-the canvases-every where. Oh, how could you be so cruel?"

Mark led her to the door, and put he gently outside. "I have nothing to do with As the months passed Mark's face grew | Fawcett. You must not come in to disturb me again," he said quietly. VI.

For three days Mark had not come out of the studio. Rizpah waited outside the door in an agony of dread, but she dared not trusive housewifely art. Occasionally her force an entrance. She could hear him moving about, talking to himself as h worked at his picture. She had never seen it, but Mark had answered her timid question as to its subject. He was painting the

"Angel of Death." It was almost the only time he had spoken of his work since that scene in the

Rizpah guarded the door of the studio and guarded Mark's secret, so that no on Mark's in its haggardness. And yet the light in his eyes when he came from the studio, the exaltation that conquered his weakness, gave her hope. His work satiswhen the picture was complete he could fied him. His restless moods were over. shared his triumph in secret. When his picture had won fame and success, the evil spirit would go out of him, and he would come back to her.

But for three days and three nights h had been behind that locked door, and she The wood was like a coffin lid hiding her One day the horror, whirling swiftly on | dead from her. But she silenced her fears and quieted the beating of her heart. He would come out as soon as he had finished

up one after another, examining them. He inside the room all was silent. Trembling was so possessed by the dread that filled she sank down again on the stair. He must

be asleep, resting after his long toil. She watched the evening light fade from "Pooh! it is a delusion. The thing can't | the landing window. It reminded her of the sunset she and Mark had watched together had been the sunset of her life-of joy, ever she had done. She would have borne the pain and disillusion of her marriage a hundred times over for Mark's sake. And if this picture were a triumph, had she not helped toward it?

Night crept round her coldly as she sat there seeing the vision of Mark's fame, feeling the glow of the success she had bought for him by the sacrifice of her life. It was she that had given him back to

The house was very silent. By and by

the noises in the street quieted down too.

There was a great stillness in her heart. She woke startled. Two o'clock was strikmg from every tower and steeple. The hour boomed out on the darkness like a knell. She lifted herself, her cramped limbs hardly obeying her will. Midnight held the landing, except where the thread of light outlined the studio door. A sudden fear of the darkness and silence seized her. She sprang to the door. It yielded and fell back at her touch. The light flooding out caught her and drew her in to its life. Her half-dazed eyes saw only the emptiness of the studio, and the wonder of the picture that faced her. Blinded as she was, she saw its greatness; the flashing power in it could not be hidden. The pose of the "Angel of Death." the strong, awful realism of the figure, the stricken form at its feet, leaped to the eye and claimed instant recognition. Rizpah stood in the doorway held and fascinated. Mark had indeed won immortality. She made a step forward. "Mark! Mark!"

she cried, with a ringing triumph in her voice. The hollow silence answered her. He was not here then; she would look once at the picture and then fly to him to share his exultation. Softly she stepped nearer, the light on her face meeting the awful light on the angel's face. It drew and brow and lips; until the woman's face changed, and was the face of the dead. She stood in the clutch of the intolerable thing, and its meaning froze brain and heart and sense. In the lightning stroke of Mark's genius were revelation and accusation. It scarcely needed the two portraits, himself Death, and Fawcett the victim at his feet, to tell her that Mark had mur-

dered Fawcett. She did not swoon or cry, but she stood At last, in strange, tingling, innumerable points of pain the blood shuddered forth

from her heart, and life returning stabbed her anew. Swiftly came the thought: the picture that would make the artist's fame would make the man infamous. She staggered back and tottered away to the window seat, where she fell on the carved chest. What could she do? How was she to prevent Mark from publishing his crime? The picture was a confession of guilt. To reason with him would be useless. He would not give up his fame and infamy, his immortality and death. The picture would bring him all. But what could she do to prevent his giving it to the world? He would not listen, though she entreated. She struck her clenched hand against the chest, and it fell against a knife buried in the carving. She gave a cry and snatched it up and raised herself from the chest and stood a moment holding the knife, her eyes lifted, her air sacrificial

and devoted. Then she stepped to the canvas, not trembling, not faltering. From the place where he had fallen Mark's dying eye caught the gleam of her upraised arm. The last sounds of life in his ear were the scream and shiver of the canvas under a blade that slashed and cut and thrust through, insatiable.

Among the Books.

They are gray with the gray of ages, Borrowed, and begged, and sold; Thumb-marked of saints and sages In the scholarly days of old Rose leaves prest for a lover Rest in their pages dim, Though silent centuries cover

All that is left of him. And I feel, in the library's shadows, With this ghostly company, The breath of forgotten meadows And the centuries over me! And when twilight bells are calling— When the day with its strifes is o'er— There are ghostly footsteps falling Faint on the library floor.

Singers, and saints, and sages-In the fame of a name we trust, But time will cover our pages, As even our tombs, with dust For here, in the library's shadows, Where the famed and fameless be, I roam in forgotten meadows.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Two-thirds of the world's sugar is pro-Of the 34,000,000 people in South America it is estimated that 30,000,000 have never

seen a Bible The cemeteries around London cover 2,000 acres, and the land they occupy represents a capital of £20,000,000. Among the Mohammedans of Calcutta

the infant mortality reaches the enormous figure of 634.5 per 1,000 births. It is estimated that greater quantities of gold and silver have been sunk in the sea than are now in circulation on earth. The amount of gold coin in actual circulation in the world is estimated by the Bank of England officials to be about 865

Each day in the year the owners of slot machines in New York city purchase 1,000 pounds of chocolate with which to fill the The depopulation of Peru is illustrated by

the fact that the valley of Santa, which in the days of the Incas had a population of 700,000, now has only 5,000. Greece has followed Italy's example in forbidding the exportation of antiquities. Notice has been served on foreign governments and learned societies.

The municipality of Pasadena, Cal., owns sixty-two-acre grove of English walnuts. This year it yielded 37,000 pounds of nuts. for which the city received \$3,023.39. The art of paper making has reached the point where it is possible to cut down a growing tree and convert it into paper suit-

able for printing purposes within twenty-

four hours. The Transvaal government has reduced the wages of the natives at all the mines that are being worked from 80s to 20s per month. This means a saving of £1,500,000 per annum Probably the top is the oldest toy in the

savage tribes use it in the performance of religious rites. German authorities made a test of the nutritive value of bread for soldiers, using twenty-four different kinds, from the fine flour to coarse meal, and found the coarser bread much inferior in results.

world. It has been used for thousands of

years in all parts of the globe and some

In all the developments of the petroleum industry in the Baku fields it has not proved possible to make any considerable use of the natural gas which is produced in large quantities in the same region. Connecticut received from the inheritance

tax during the year ended Sept. 30, 1899, \$115,195,30, while the year before the receipts from this source were \$133,087.37. The treasurer says this decrease is only temporary. It is reported that in Austria the cusom of boxing the ears of soldiers and recruits has been so common and so violent that thousands of them have suffered such impairment of their hearing as partly to anfit them for service. The minister of war has recently issued a prohibitory

A novelty has just been introduced by the water works company in Dawson. It consists of a wooden house 6x6x6, which is placed over each hydrant in the city. Each of these houses contains a small stove, I

which fire is kept day and night. By the payment of \$1 a week patrons can secure water at any time:

New York has its first searchlight fire engine. It is the first machine of its kind ever constructed, and its great advantage is that it will enable firemen to overcome the difficulty of fighting fire in dark inter-

Bolivia is the most mountainous country of the world, and that portion of the great chain known as the Cordillera de le extending more than 150 miles almost in a

The total number of paid employes of municipal departments in New York city is 38,000, and the department of street cleaning, which has 3,300, employs twice as many as the department of public charities, which has 1,600. The native commissioner at Sebungwe, Africa, reports that the white rhinoceros

s still to be seen on the yeldt in the dis-

tricts between the Sanyati and Zambesi rivers. It was generally thought that this gigantic animal was extinct. Africa is the most elevated of all the continents. It is the "continent of plateaus. The great table land in the south has a mean altitude of over 3,500 feet; the wide table land on the north has an average

elevation of about 1,300 feet. It is estimated that at any given time, in Germany alone, 1,300,000 persons are afflicted with consumption and 1,200,000 in America have it at all times. Professor Hirsch pronounces it emphatically a disease of all times, all countries and all races. The Boer women are accustomed to as-

men in domestic labor of all knds. When the men are called away to fight with the army, the women go right along with the work of the farms, and thus insure an What is known to geographers as the Cordilleras de los Andes is the longest and

the highest range of mountains in the

world. It extends from Tierra del Fuego to the Isthmus of Panama, and although some of the peaks of the Himalayas are higher. Great Britain is attested by the fact that during the past twenty years there have not been brought to light a Gozen cases of official corruption in the higher branches

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

of the service, which administers the af-

One Needed.

fairs of about 400,000,000 people.

He-Yes; they ought to advertise for a

Superstitious.

Judge. "Jones is very superstitious."

A Possible Dilemma.

"He owes me thirteen dollars and won'

Servant (at reception in Washington, announcing)-Mrs. Brigham H. Roberts. Hostess-Gracious me! I wonder which?

only know two of them.

An Impostor. The Reporter-He says he's from Ken-

The Editor-But he never shot anybody.

and I don't recall his name on any of the

Setting a Neighbor Right. Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Was that your dog that was howling all

"I guess it was." "Why in thunder don't you feed him?" "Heavens, man, it's indigestion that

Merely a Hint.

Chicago Daily News. Mr. Slowboy-In some States there is a

law making it a misdeamor for a man to change his name. Miss Willing-Yes; but there is no law in any State that prohibits a man from changing a woman's name.

Explained.

Philadelphia Press. New Boarder-Look here, why can't I have a full cup of tea? Waiter Girl-That was a full cup when took it outer the kitchen, but yer see this here tea's so weak it jest lays down in the bottom of the cup.

Mr. Tucker-I think I shall give up my

business, my dear. I might as well have some good out of my money. Mrs. Tucker-Oh, not yet, Samuel! But when one of us dies, I shall give up housekeeping and see a little of the world.

Dreams.

Brooklyn Life.

Method in His Madness.

Collier's Weekly. He-I have rather taken a fancy to the English mode of spelling as compared to

stance; having "u" in it makes all the difference in the world.

He-Yes, indeed. Take "parlour," for in

Her Peculiar Way of Looking. Cleveland Plain Dealer. "And you feel sure that my daughter looks with favor upon your suit?" quired the aged parent. "Well," replied the youth with engaging frankness, "I don't want to be too sure

about it. Of course, you are aware that your daughter squints.' How They Differ.

Chicago Post. "What is the difference," he asked, "be tween the girl of the present and the girl C. ANESHAENSEL & CO., 29-33 E. Ohio St. They all gave it up.

"The girl of the present," he explained, "is the younger by several years." Then he made his escape.

watch.

"Of course.

Detroit Journal.

with the lapse of time.

Chicago Perplexities. Chicago Record. "It is rude for a guest to look at

tarrh. "And ruder for a host to look at the "Well, how do polite people ever away from each other?

Gives Relief at once. Ideals. Allays In

her brow. "This is heaven!" he says. Two years pass now. His baby has just "This is heaven!" says he. Here we see how a man's ideals change

Now she suffers him to print a kiss upo

Somewhat Musical.

McJigger-He's from Chicago, you know Thingumbob-I thought he was. McJigger-You know him, then.

Philadelphia North American.

And she stood up, looking uncome

Thingumbob-Yes, and by sound. gives a soup-eating recital every day at the restaurant where I lunch. Candor.

I know what you are going to say," she said,

And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And I can imagine what made it so.
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said. know what you are going to say." she said, 'You are going to ask if I forget That day in June, when the woods were wet, and you carried me"—here she drooped her head—

"Over the creek," you are going to say,

Do I remember that horrid day, Now, aren't you, honestly?" Yes," I said. I know what you are going to say," she said, "You are going to say that since that time You have rather tended to run to rhyme, And"—her glance fell and her cheek grew red— "And I have noticed your tone was queer,
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you are going to say," he said, "You're going to say you've been much a And I'm rather short of tact-you will say de-And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted, And I bear abuse like a dear old lan And you'll have me anyway, just as I am. Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," she said.

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